



John Muir Correspondence (PDFs)

1909-09-06

Letter from Clara B[arrus] to [John Muir], 1909 Sep 6.

Clara Barrus

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Sept 6, 1909

You are the *Semper-*
virens. Henceforth I shall
think of you under that
name.

Yesterday I read your
charming description of the
water angel, & felt like blessing
its little heart for cheering you
in all your lonely wander-
ings.

You know you don't have to pay
any attention to my notes, except
to read them if you feel like it,
but unless it annoys you I
should like to write to you once
in a while when the mood
comes over me. Always affectionately yours,
September 6/09. Clara B.

Drac Sequoia Sempervirens

I have just been reading
your chapter on the Forests
of Yosemite, & have been
in the Mariposa grove with
you & Emerson, even if
we didn't get there last
May.

I felt some thing of
your own disappoint-

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ment that you & the
Big Trees could not
have had your way
& had Emerson for one
memorable night under
the trees & stars.

How you made me see
him as he lingered behind
the others & waved good
bye to you from the top
of Maroma ridge! The

leaves came to my eyes as he dis-
appeared, & a laugh in my
throat at your loneliness when
you went back to the grave
& made nearly your bed your
camp fire. But a laugh that
came as I read that "the trees
had not come to Boston, nor the
birds."

By Emerson is a *Sequoia gigantea*,

September 6, '09.

Dear Sequoia Sempervirens:

I have just been reading your chapter on the Forests of Yosemite, and have been in the Mariposa grove with you and Emerson, even if we didn't get there last May.

I felt something of your own disappointment that you and the Big Trees could not have had your way and had Emerson for one memorable night under the trees and stars. How you made me see him as he lingered behind the others and waved goodbye to you from the top of Wawona ridge! The tears came to my eyes as he disappeared, and a lump in my throat at your loneliness when you went back to the grove and made ready your bed and your campfire. But a laugh soon came as I read that "the trees had not gone to Boston, nor the birds."

If Emerson is a Sequoia gigantea, you are the sempervirens. Henceforth I shall think of you under that name.

Yesterday I read your charming description of the water ouzel, and felt like blessing its little heart for cheering you in all your lonely wanderings.

You know you don't have to pay any attention to my notes, except to read them if you feel like it; but unless it annoys you I should like to write to you once in a while when the mood comes over me.

Always affectionately yours,

Clara B[arrus]

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